



AN ELEGIAC  
ESSAY  
ON THE  
DEATH

Of the REVEREND  
Mr. JOHN NOBLE,  
Who deceased the 12<sup>th</sup> of June, 1730.  
in the 71<sup>st</sup> Year of his Age.

*Address'd to the Congregation of which he  
was PASTOR.*

By SAYER RUDD.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis? —*

*— Cui pudor, & justitiae soror*

*Incorrupta fides, nudaq; veritas*

*Quando ullum inveniet parem?*

Horat.

L O N D O N :

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## Elegiac ESSAY

O N T H E

## D E A T H

Of the REVEREND

Mr. JOHN NOBLE, &amp;c.

**N**OW Zion bid thy lucid fountains flow,  
 Stream into tears, and give a loose to woe.  
 No common sorrows suit a widow'd state;  
 Great as our losses should our griefs be great,  
 Fall'n is a prince in *Israel* to day,  
 NOBLE, alas! resolv'd to native clay.

A 2

NOBLE

#### 4      *An Elegiac ESSAY, &c.*

NOBLE, the heav'nly messenger's no more!

Strain ev'ry nerve, and weep at ev'ry pore.

Nor you, his flock, alone shall wail the loss,

But all the followers of MESSIAH's cross.

Who but relents the mournful news to hear,

Draws a deep sigh, and drops a duteous tear?

Behold! the muse her humble tribute brings,

And the dead Pastor's moving fun'ral sings.

Be hers the part to dress with flowers his tomb,

T' embalm his name, and bid his mem'ry bloom.

What tho' less worthy of the poet's care,

The man severely strict to some appear :

Yet shall that blemish (tho' ne'er deem'd it we

In him a blemish strict for truth to be)

Shall this one speck his many gifts allay?

'Gainst all his virtues, this one foible sway?

No, if simplicity of soul avail,

And, like that soul, a speech devoid of guile;



*An Elegiac ESSAY, &c.* 5

If for men's welfare wishes not a few,  
And with those wishes all the faint cou'd do;  
If an attachment to the purer side,  
By many labours, many suff'rings try'd;  
If for his God a love, his truths a zeal,  
And honesty, that durst no truth conceal;  
Have ought of merit, claim a share of praise:  
No languid strains this feeble voice can raise,  
Will reach thy worth, lamented saint, or show  
What first to God, next to thy self, we owe.  
Thy praises well an abler pen demand,  
They ask a STENNET's, or a WATTS's hand;  
But wanting these, my best devoirs to pay,  
For thee I turn this elegiac lay,

O, how I burn the subject to pursue!  
But the first eulogy deserves review.

## 6 *An Elegiac Essay, &c.*

Muse, check thy flight, suspend thy pinions here,  
And stop to view this gen'ral character,  
Who blest by heav'n with such a faithful heart,  
But in each state might manage ev'ry part ?  
But might with coolness act, or needful strife,  
And grace the public, or the private life ?  
Thus the great dead cou'd each relation fill,  
Each friendly office execute with skill.  
And here that open, undefeas'd air,  
That gen'rous frankness, and design sincere,  
Which o'er his mind, which in his life prevail'd,  
Nor well the man to fix, nor Christian fail'd,  
Ever subservient to some useful end,  
N O B L E the most in ev'ry light commend.  
'Twas these, imprincipl'd with special grace,  
(For that each nat'ral gift divinely sways)  
Which rais'd of artifice his just disdain,  
And all his hatred of the thing that's mean.

Hence

Hence his integrity perpetual sprung,  
The honest heart, and undesigning tongue.  
And hence he rose the friend to find so rare,  
Who knew t' indulge, and yet no failing spare.  
See in religious life this genius shine,  
And round the preacher cast the ray divine.  
Why ever else for other's weal intent?  
Or why for truth still obstinately bent?  
One that himself with lighter things can please,  
Or be more flexible than NOBLE was;  
A strong temptation may too often find,  
Or to neglect his charge, or force his mind.  
But no mean thirst of fashionable vice  
Cou'd buy his conscience at so vile a price.  
Who near him stood, unprejudic'd, can tell,  
How try'd his faithfulness, how rais'd his zeal.  
Here see him champion for religion's cause;  
Thy sword, blest Spirit, in her aid he draws.

Sent to chastise the follies of the day,  
And bear from idol-self the spoils away,  
O, with what warmth wou'd he his soul engage,  
And pour on human pride with heav'nly rage.  
Heedless, how with the world his credit stood,  
So truth diffus'd, and men were form'd to good.  
See him with holy indignation burn,  
When forc'd his darts on infidels to turn.  
See in a tide his zealous passions flow,  
And, like a deluge, rush upon the foe!  
No slight repulse shou'd cause the chief to yield;  
He'd quell the fury, or not quit the field.

HENCE let those learn, who less esteem'd before,  
To charge the plainness of the man no more:  
Call that no failure, which must now appear  
Th' exalted part of NOBLE's character.



Happy if more were spirited as well,  
Furnish'd, like him, in ev'ry way t' excel.

NATHANIEL erst was form'd with such an heart,  
To truth devoted, innocent of art :  
Thus *Boanerges* preach'd of old the word,  
Rous'd the deaf soul, and thunder'd for the Lord :  
And thus th'Apostle of the *Gentiles*, first  
Scorn'd by the learned, by the vile accurst,  
Ceas'd not to make his Master's counsels known,  
'Till light prevail'd, and bore their envy down.

BUT, muse, thy yet contracted views enlarge,  
And follow NOBLE thro' the past'ral charge :  
See with what judgment, what affection stor'd,  
He watch'd for souls, and labour'd in the Lord !  
How well, at all times, cou'd the sage dispense !  
How well perform in ev'ry ordinance !

Fervent his pray'rs, his sermons well design'd,  
 Warm to the ear, and weighty to the mind.  
 Who, as a shepherd, better knew to act?  
 Skilful to feed, and careful to protect.  
 His happy flock thro' many a verdent mead,  
 To many a cooling spring wou'd NOBLE lead;  
 Attentive ever to his people's good,  
 Each had, at proper times, his diff'rent food.  
 Still prudent to divide the portion fit  
 For babes the milk, for men the stronger meat.  
 Not the fond father's quick-inclosing arms,  
 To save his darling son from threat'ning harms,  
 Expresses for him more indulgent care,  
 Than did from NOBLE every member share.  
 See on the whole his ardent pray'rs attend,  
 While from th' infectious earnest to defend.  
 See for the lost how many steps are trod,  
 What pains to bring the wand'ring back to God.

*An Elegiac ESSAY, &c. II*

See how concern'd diseased souls to heal,  
How deeply thoughtful for the tender's weal.  
No pains to raise the feeble lambs he spares,  
But feeds from's hand, and in his bosom bears.  
How well beneath his eye each member far'd,  
Whether or food, or physick, he prepar'd ?  
For all the order of God's house he knew,  
Able to comfort, and admonish too ;  
How to direct the various laws cou'd tell,  
When proper to admit, and when t'expel.  
So great the Pastor's skill, his conduct such,  
Not mild too little, nor austere too much :  
With holy fervour bent to preach and hear,  
And fill alike the pulpit and the chair.

BUT most his public service claims regard,  
As the more useful part of right prefer'd.

And here what great designs engag'd his soul !  
 Oh ! had he liv'd to execute the whole,  
 To've join'd the Spirit with the glorious Two<sup>a</sup>,  
 And the bright system to a period drew :  
 What might the Christian from his lips have heard ?  
 What gospel mystery hadn't NOBLE clear'd ?  
 Oh ! with what pains deep truths wou'd he explore,  
 Taught of the *Word* t'unlock the gracious store,  
 Here that *Epistle*<sup>b</sup> to him witness bears,  
 Which furnish'd lectures for a train of years :  
 Say how acute the preacher's judgment here !  
 How bright his thoughts, how bold his reasonings were,  
 Who, uninspir'd, cou'd to such heights attain ?  
 Call forth such light, and make the text so plain.  
 His style, 'tis true, no florid strains enrich,  
 (NOBLE ne'er studied elegance of speech)

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the method which Mr. Noble propos'd to observe in his ministry ; which was, to consider the different concern which each of the divine Persons had in the work of our salvation. He went through what belong'd to the Father and Son, but was remov'd before he had finish'd what he design'd on the part of the blessed Spirit.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Noble spent several years in an Exposition on the epistle to the *Hebrews*.



Yet gave, even this, to none a just offence,  
Not meanly low, nor void of nervous sense.  
Nor stands the ministerial part in need,  
Dark texts t'unfold, and doubting souls to feed,  
Of all the pomp which learned art affords,  
That fall of periods, this fine turn of words :  
Truth brightest shines in native beauties dress,  
And those who plainest preach, instruct us best.

THINK here, ye sacred tribe, to whom 'tis giv'n  
To know the mind, and be the voice of heav'n ;  
Think if you might not your high office fill  
Better for souls, more to your Master's will,  
Did you more act the self-denying part,  
Abate your learning, and suppress your art ;  
Did you more bold the nat'ral pinion stretch,  
And try your inborn liberty of speech.

14 *An Elegiac ESSAY, &c.*

How sweetly fall, and with what kindly pow'r,  
(As on the thirsty glebe the vernal show'r)  
The soft instructions which our hearts suggest,  
When most in nature's moving terms express'd ?  
Raise but your style above the vulgar sphere,  
'Twill fire the mind, as well as fix the ear :  
Take but your sketches of the gen'ral road,  
You safely venture all the rest with God,

FORGIVE, ye venerable band, the muse,  
That with your labours dares this freedom use.  
She speaks her private, but impartial sense,  
And rather with it hopes will all dispense ;  
Since while on others she presumes to call,  
On her own head the censures heaviest fall.

No w o'er those topics, muse, thy progress stretch,  
NOBLE most labour'd, while he liv'd, to preach.

With

With the great Father's glorious grace begin.  
 What charms in that rebellious souls to win!  
 Oh! how delightful was the lovely theme,  
 Fruitful of blessings, big with joy to him!  
 From this rich fountain wou'd he frequent trace  
 Christ, God's first gift, and in him all our grace.  
 Here we behold a glorious price prepar'd,  
 And guilty souls, thro' Christ's engagement, spar'd.  
 He from this source did our election bring,  
 Nor fetch'd adoption from a lower spring.  
 Hence taught that faith and holiness devolv'd,  
 Our selves accepted, and our sins absolv'd.  
 Hence daily to the faint the kind supply,  
 T'affwage his grief, and moderate his joy.  
 Hence light for darkness, triumph for despair,  
 And all the honours conqu'ring Christians wear;  
 Yea, grace is such, and so by NOBLE shown,  
 As to conclude all benefits alone,

16 *An Elegiac Essay, &c.*

Be grace thy portion, soul, thou art complete;

'Tis ev'ry thing to all, in ev'ry state.

Abound thy wants? from grace thou shalt be stor'd,

That fills thy basket, and bespreads thy board.

Grace still with beauty, riches, strength supplies;

And bids the cottage o'er the palace rise.

Be then your glorying, saints, in grace alone,

Blest with all good in this extensive *one*.

So (if, without offence, we might compare  
Heaven's highest objects with the humblest here)

When some large river from his fruitful stores,

Sends thro' an hundred plains his watry powers;

Where e'er the current in its course divides,

The soil grows fertile, fed by gen'rous tides;

Nature's best gifts in diff'rent ways abound,

And plenty reigns with all her riches crown'd.



No paradise cou'd nobler blessings share,  
Than the rich streams around spontaneous bear.

NEXT, see him rising in his Saviour's cause,  
Assert his empire, and advance his laws!  
How dear to NOBLE the delightful name!  
Still of his sermons the prevailing theme.  
What various honours to our Lord belong,  
Were well recounted by his learned tongue.  
How great in person, by his work how great,  
What rare perfections in our JESUS meet,  
Oft has he told, and zealous of his fame,  
To Deity supreme approv'd his claim.  
Oft has he sung the wond'rous council held,  
E'er nature rose, or daring man rebel'd.  
Oh, with what pleasure wou'd the sage display  
The vast amount of that eternal day!

18 *An Elegiac ESSAY, &c.*

How have we list'ned, while he boldly spoke  
Of the fam'd *Cov'nant*, with the Father struck?  
That *Cov'nant*, well dispos'd for God's elect,  
Whence they both grace and heav'nly blifs expect:  
Since Christ as surety was t'obey and die,  
To purchase for 'em, and to satisfy;  
Since ev'ry wound had here a sov'reign cure,  
And ev'ry good was made divinely sure.

IMMENSELY great, whose province was so large!  
Who, but a God, was equal to the charge?  
Who else cou'd bear the dreadful weight of sin?  
Or stand the wrath of majesty divine?  
Who else cou'd merit to his sufferings give?  
Or bid lost sinners, by those sufferings, live?

How wou'd he every character survey,  
And call each saving *office* forth to day?

With

With what delight we hail the beams divine,  
Which round the church from the great prophet shine  
Which chase the darkness of the carnal mind,  
And fight restore to souls by nature blind!  
What various passions in our bosoms roll,  
How great the tumult of th' awaken'd soul!  
When in his words our gracious priest we see,  
Bleeding for men accurst and vile as we.  
Lord! What a view of all thy love is here?  
How sinful in this light doth sin appear?  
Warm'd with thy love, we learn to love again,  
And for thy death vow endless war with sin!  
So when he farther sets the Saviour forth,  
In all the pow'r of majesty, and worth,  
We bless the hand, which breaks the bands of sin,  
And throws down ev'ry tow'ring thought within;  
From his lov'd seat that drives th' infernal elf,  
And makes our hearts a palace for himself.

Raptur'd we find old Satan's pow'r decay,  
 And gladly cast our hostile arms away;  
 Resign to J E S U S, tho' disown'd before,  
 And long to feel his regal influence more.

T H E N those relations Christ is known to bear,  
 To saints endearing, wou'd the sage declare.  
 How just the advocate, how warm his love,  
 Here to support, and hourly plead above.  
 What noble frankness the dear friend bespeaks,  
 That others privy to his bosom makes.  
 What humble grace breathes in the brother's name,  
 Who blusht not kindred with frail flesh to claim,  
 How strong his bowels to his children move,  
 And the kind father's best affections prove.  
 The bridal union with his church how near,  
 Full of the husband's all-supplying care.

Who



Who then that views him in this heav'nly light,  
With all the charms that in his form unite;  
But to each rival J E S U S. will prefer,  
And fairer own him than the fairest here?

N O R shall the muse be backward to express  
N O B L E's high value for Christ's righteousness.  
This an admir'd theme, and justly so,  
Since to his righteousness our all we owe.  
Whence springs our boldness at the throne of grace;  
What is th' inforcing plea in ev'ry case;  
Where does our present acceptation stand;  
Where lies our title to the promis'd land;  
How do we Satan's fiery darts repress,  
Or quash new guilt? 'Tisthro' Christ's righteousness.  
By this display no lesser ends design'd,  
In N O B L E's preaching well explain'd we find:

Happy did others in his footsteps tread,  
 And by this clue their num'rous audience lead.  
 But, thought distressing! how these truths are lost,  
 By ev'ry wind of sportive error tost!  
 Now are men taught all desp'rate lengths to run,  
 Explode Christ's righteousness, and vaunt their own.  
 Go then, vain man, thy fancied merits try;  
 But to thy prince with fordid gifts apply:  
 Bear him a paltry robe, or painted wand;  
 Will he receive the trifles at thy hand?  
 Contemn'd thy self, thy suit shall be deny'd,  
 And deep confusion cover all thy pride.  
 So when we foolish turn from Christ's alone,  
 And urge the righteousness men boast their own,  
 As well with dross might we J E H O V A H court,  
 Or hope to merit his regard with dirt:  
 No, these the rubies worth shall sooner share,  
 And the dull glow worm with the sun compare,

Than

Than our foul rags with his white raiment vie,  
Or man's poor duties set Christ's merits by.

NOR now for scandal let the vain prepare,  
And NOBLE brand as *Antinomian* here.

No undue value found the law with him;

Nor wanted pious works their just esteem.

Who than himself had more these truths at heart;

Or on them did more free his thoughts impart?

Here let those witness, whether false or true,

Who best his painful ministrations knew.

Say, ye his followers, ha'n't you often heard,

These pious doctrines by the sage prefer'd?

With what affection have his words enjoin'd

Likeness to Christ in life, as well as mind?

How has he caution'd strict to guard from sin,

As the best proof that grace prevail'd within?

But with such skill he touch'd this tender part,  
 (As nothing more requires the master's art)  
 That still exhorting, as the word directs,  
 Dead souls he call'd not forth to living acts;  
 Nor faithful let he living souls alone,  
 Christ to o'erlook, and rest in works their own.  
 Oh! shall I ever live to bless the day,  
 When all convinc'd shall take this wholesome way.  
 Then souls misled no more shall turn their eyes,  
 To nature's spring for life, nor for supplies.  
 But conscious of their dead, degenerate state,  
 For quick'ning grace on J E S U S' Spirit wait.  
 Then shall they learn what to their Lord they owe;  
 The principle from whence good works must flow,  
 And how to estimate their duties know.  
 They, as the vine, shall yield the choicest fruit,  
 But own their life, and vigour from the root:



Be frequent in good works, yet free to say,  
When righteous most, how weak, how worthless they!

WHY murmur some, and whisper to their friends?

See where this babler's doughty doctrine tends.

What airy heights but a warm head may reach,

What so absurd but mad enthusiasts preach?

No; from experience with these notions fraught,

He tasted first himself the truths he taught.

This still his method from the same rich store

Others to serve, which serv'd himself before.

While novices, who know but as they read,

And hurry headlong, as their authors lead;

For want of judgment to descry the way,

For one true step an hundred take astray;

Till lost themselves, bewilder'd those who hear,

They beat at wild uncertainty the air.

Thus in a storm the frighted mariner,  
 His compass gone, o'ercaft the polar ftar,  
 To the tempeftuous fea his bark refigns,  
 And random drives, the fport of waves and winds.

YET dreadful to rehearfe, tho' thus he taught,  
 How few appear to clofe reflexion brought?  
 How many ftill their impious thoughts retain?  
 Bold as the *Jews*, or, as the *Grecians*, vain.  
 What num'rous fhoads yet keep the common road,  
 Decry their Saviour, and traduce their God!  
 With thefe his righteoufnefs and fov'reign grace,  
 For folemn cant, and ftrong delufion pafs.  
 Oh! curfed fruit of fin, which thus can blind,  
 The nat'ral eye, and warp the creature's mind.  
 Hence at his name the foul rebellious fprung,  
 The look difdainful, and blaspheming tongue,

Not such their language, such will be their air;  
When Christ for judgment shall his throne prepare;  
No sooner shall his glories tinge the sky,  
And flames devouring round proclaim him nigh;  
But self-condemn'd the reprobate shall call,  
For craggy mountains on their heads to fall.  
But deaf those rocks, as they before had been;  
The wrecking world shall prove for such no screen;  
They forc'd to meet a long-offended God,  
Shall feel for ever his avenging rod.

Not that successful all his labours were;  
Or that his seals have in the church been rare;  
Many their second birth with Noble place,  
And to his preaching own their growth in grace,  
For by the Spirit's saving power impress,  
Soon cou'd his words the hearer's heart arrest;

And soon, directed by so strong a hand,  
 The soul's best powers and faculties command.  
 Well to each heart might NOBLE find access,  
 Well suit his doctrine to each hearer's case,  
 When no less pow'r than what can all controul,  
 The thought suggested, and prepar'd the soul.  
 Who thus assisted, but might life convey,  
 And wrest from Satan ev'ry spoil away?  
 Who, thus inspir'd, but all our doubts might clear,  
 And rid the beating breast of ev'ry fear?  
 Who but thus aided, might dejection raise,  
 Charm the sad soul, and turn despair to praise?  
 Such NOBLE's preaching, so divinely own'd,  
 With all the Spirit's precious graces crown'd!  
 See, conscious minds in deep confusion there,  
 Here blooming hope assumes a brighter air.  
 See, sprightly faith on wing exulting rise,  
 Spring to her God, and gain her native skies.



See, in those melting looks, that heaving heart,  
The force of love, fix'd on the better part.  
See, sacred raptures all the rest employ,  
See them anticipate the heav'nly joy.  
Thy labours such, blest saint, while here below,  
May shed some lustre on thy triumphs now;  
But, doubtless, will their brightest beams display,  
When these confess thee in the kingdom-day<sup>a</sup>.

Be last the muse's, as her NOBLE's care,  
The Spirit's work: Deny his work, who dare.  
Zealous for this in a degen'rate day,  
When vital truths become the scoffer's prey,  
He rose their advocate; but, ah! too late,  
To leave his church, the glorious work complete.  
Yet from that little, which he liv'd to do,  
We still observe him to his master true.

<sup>a</sup> See the author's proposals for printing, by subscription, two volumes in octavo on this subject.

How boldly in the Spirit's cause he stood !

How clearly urg'd the honours of his God !

See, here the glories of his person shine !

See, all the marks of energy divine !

We speak with transport of his labours past,

But deeply mourn to think how much we've lost.

Oh ! had kind heav'n indulg'd this world so far,

(Not but ingrates, like us, unworthy are)

Had heav'n deny'd it self, and spar'd the man,

Well to have finish'd work so well began ;

The Spirit's province in each gracious part,

Had from his lips warm'd every hearer's heart,

Then had he told to whose life-giving breath,

We owe the quick'ning of our souls from death.

Whose work it is our enmity to slay,

And on the darken'd mind let in the day.

Who both of sin and righteousness convicts,

And leads th' enlighten'd soul on Christ to fix.

Then

Then had he told us who the saint supplies,  
 Whence his increase, and where his safety lies,  
 Who makes him profit while beneath the means,  
 Tempers the bright, and gilds the gloomy scenes:  
 Who in his heart improves the filial dread,  
 To guard thro' time, and render meet for God.  
 Nay, to that length NOBLE had drawn the theme,  
 Such had the Spirit been describ'd by him,  
 That men, less profligate than those, who dare  
 Turn the most sacred, awful truths to sneer,  
 Had heard with wonder his vast power display'd,  
 While the great all in grace's empire made.  
 'Tis he begins the change, and works it thro',  
 Author of life, and blest preserver too,  
 He 'tis that brings the Father's goodness down,  
 And to the sinner makes his sonship known.  
 'Tis by his influence on their spirits shed,  
 That saints despis'd with God as children plead.

His Spirit kindly with 'em witness bears,  
 That they are God's, and God by cov'nant theirs.  
 'Tis he that seals 'em for the life to come,  
 And is the earnest of their heav'nly home.

BUT why, lov'd flock, in humble verse to you,  
 Do I the subject to this length pursue?  
 Why in this way attempt the mournful flight,  
 And thus your Pastor's various toils recite?  
 Thinks the fond muse beyond your selves to know?  
 Or vainly hopes she thus to sooth your woe?  
 Alas, these truths (tho' incomplete the scheme)  
 Were all, at diff'rent times, explain'd by him;  
 And since his death 'tis easy to believe,  
 They in reflection ever with you live.  
 Ah! see I now the source of all your woe,  
 The spring from whence your tears united flow.



What thoughts tumultuous in your bosoms toss,  
T' increase your sighs, and aggravate your loss;  
I hear the sounds in which your sorrows break,  
While thus you speak deprest, or seem to speak.

- “ Ah! wretched us, deplorable our state!  
“ What heavier stroke cou'd on our Zion wait!  
“ How wide a breach J E H O V A H 's arm has made!  
“ How soon our triumphs in the dust are laid?  
“ Stript of the chief, who watch'd for us before,  
“ How can we deep enough the loss deplore!  
“ How shall we daily miss the Pastor's care,  
“ Wont on his heart each member's case to bear?  
“ Where shall we fly beneath distress, and find  
“ A head so prudent, and a hand so kind?  
“ Who'll with us sympathise so tender now,  
“ Weep o'er our griefs, and at our pleasures glow?

" Alas! the shepherd's gone, unwarp't by art,  
 " The man so much after his maker's heart!  
 " Hence we no more shall hear him preach the word,  
 " With him no more address the living Lord;  
 " No more sage counsel from his lips receive,  
 " No more his ear in our afflictions have.  
 " Ah! who shall lead us in thy statutes, Lord!  
 " Preside for thee, and by thy conduct guard?  
 " Who now our part 'gainst enemies shall take,  
 " Who for our souls the bread of life shall break?  
 " Who hence to us shall gospel-truth reveal,  
 " With the same clearness, and with equal zeal?  
 " Who hence on Christ shall faithful place the crown,  
 " Nor shun to make complete salvation known?  
 " Who shall remind us of the Father's love,  
 " And Jesus' grace, to death obedient, prove?  
 " Who shall so full the Spirit's province shew,  
 " Both in conversion, and for comfort too?

- “ Alas, these pious labours all are o’er!  
“ We see his face, we hear his voice no more.  
“ The man of God’s remov’d, we helpless left,  
“ Of ev’ry pleasing thought at once bereft.——

My friends, beware (your case this caution needs)  
Grief swells insensible, and soon exceeds.  
Concern, no doubt, springs nat’ral from your loss,  
Yet shall that barely all your thoughts engross?  
No, mourn the wretched cause, be griev’d at sin;  
Thence rise our losses, there our woes begin.  
Think with your selves, are we entirely clear?  
Have in the present blow our sins no share?  
Say, did you no way your own God provoke?  
By no wrong steps incense to bring this stroke?  
Have you incessant own’d his gracious care,  
Who NOBLE for you did at first prepare?

30 *An Elegiac ESSAY, &c.*

Met with the Pastor from you just regard,  
Lov'd for his work, and honour'd in the Lord?  
On his great labours did you close attend,  
And the best aids his state demanded, lend?  
If conscious of no willing failures here,  
You with more ease the heavy load may bear.  
Nor is, indeed, your case so desp'rate yet,  
But will of comfort, and redress admit;  
Tho' dead your earthly Shepherd, J E S U S lives,  
Regards each fold, and needful succour gives.  
On him be fix'd your eyes, in him your hope,  
'Tis his to keep a sinking int'rest up.  
The Spirit still his sov'reign will attends,  
And in his various pow'rs from him descends:  
To him, bewidow'd church, direct your pray'r,  
Nor in due time a gracious answer fear.

He'll



He'll plant more watchmen, Zion, on thy hill,

And careful ev'ry vacant station fill.

This to your selves as proper comfort take:

For happy Noble let no bosom ache.

The work discharg'd once made his awful trust,

His better part is number'd with the just.

Faithful to Christ, while distant here below;

His disincumber'd soul is near him now:

Nor on mere fancy for these hopes we build,

Since no less hopes his last confessions yield.

Hear what the sage, when question'd on this head,

From a true faith, and sound experience said:

“ I to my former sentiments adhere,

“ The truths embrac'd at first still to me dear:

“ For no new system am I now t'enquire,

“ But in the doctrines which I preach'd, expire.

To heav'n safe rais'd on this triumphant wing,  
No higher dare I soar, no farther sing.  
I leave him, blest with beatific sight,  
And lose, absorb'd in empyrean light.



For on more fancy for these hopes we build,  
Since no less hopes his last confessions yield.

I fear what the sage, when question'd on this head,  
From a true faith and experience said:

**THE END.**

"I to my former sentiments adhere,  
The truths embrod' as fast still to me dear;  
For no new system am I now pursuing,  
But in the doctrines which I preach'd, expire."